

No tales and no heroes will last to guide your path,
No prophecy, no fate, to save you from your fortune's wrath,
No shield on your back, no blood or brood to show the way,
If this should be the road you choose, your demons come to stay.

A rev-rev-revenant,
A ren-ren-renegade,
A man born of blood and blade,
Watch his eyes and see his smile,
And he's killing all the while,
On the path of the Ra-ven Re-ne-gade.

You'll stand in the midst of crowds that fail to see,
That you're no longer sheep, you're a wolf like me,
When you've been where armies shattered, where battle cried,
On the plain where men, monsters, hell collide,
Then take my hand, make a stand, and see where my soul has died,

A rev-rev-revenant,
A ren-ren-renegade,
A man born of blood and blade,
Watch his daggers and his bows,
And he's killing as he goes,

On the path of the Ra-ven Re-ne-gade.

And now, through through all my tears and years,

All my murders and my sins, they have brought me here,

To a place so many wish for, but never came so near,

So sit and listen, lad, my advice for you to hear,

If you wish to know, to find, to fight, to live to stand,

Stand for more than simply standing by.

There is a cure to find,

To all that plagues our kind,

There is a peace that hides,

Behind the blood that lies.

If one lesson you will keep,

Be it this or your's will weep.

There is no path ahead, no road, no ground beneath your feet,

There is only what you take, or give, or conquer all to keep,

Wait for no heroes,

No fate,

No king,

No man.

Live, and fight, and die,

For something if you can.

A rev-rev-revenant,

A ren-ren-renegade,

A man born of blood and blade,

Choose your fate,

And don't you wait to follow

On the path of the Ra-ven Re-ne-gade.